KNAVE

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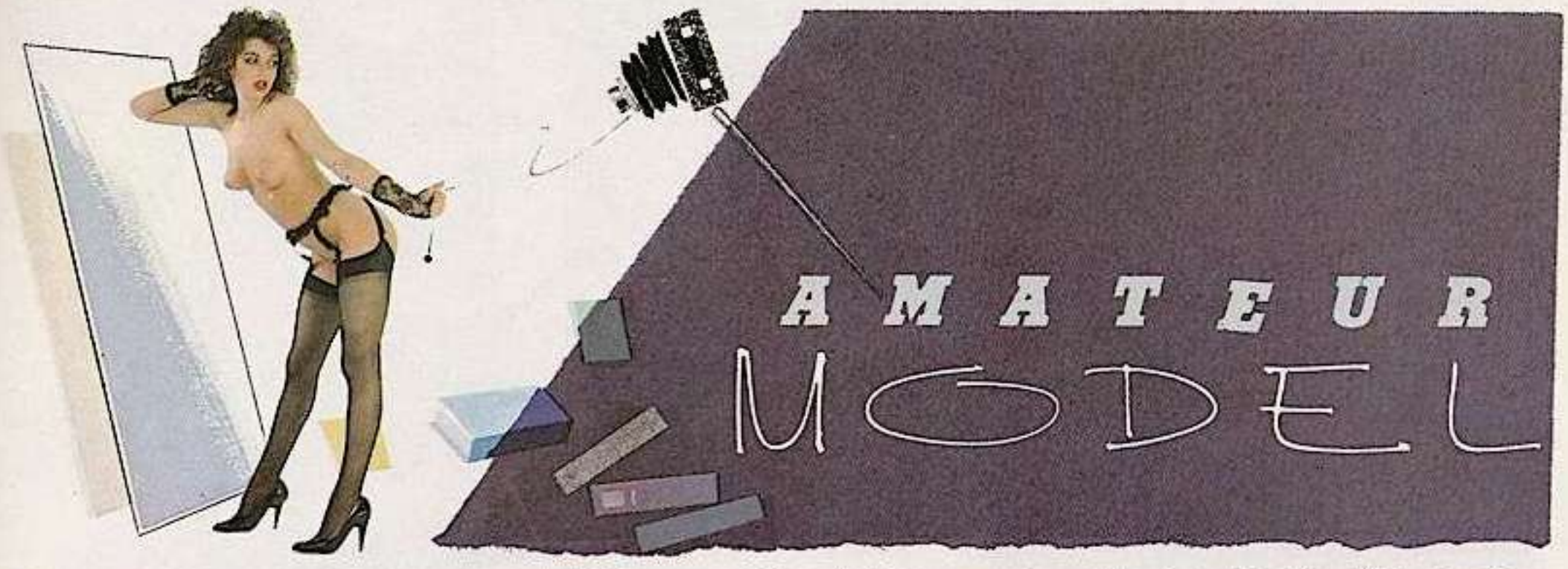
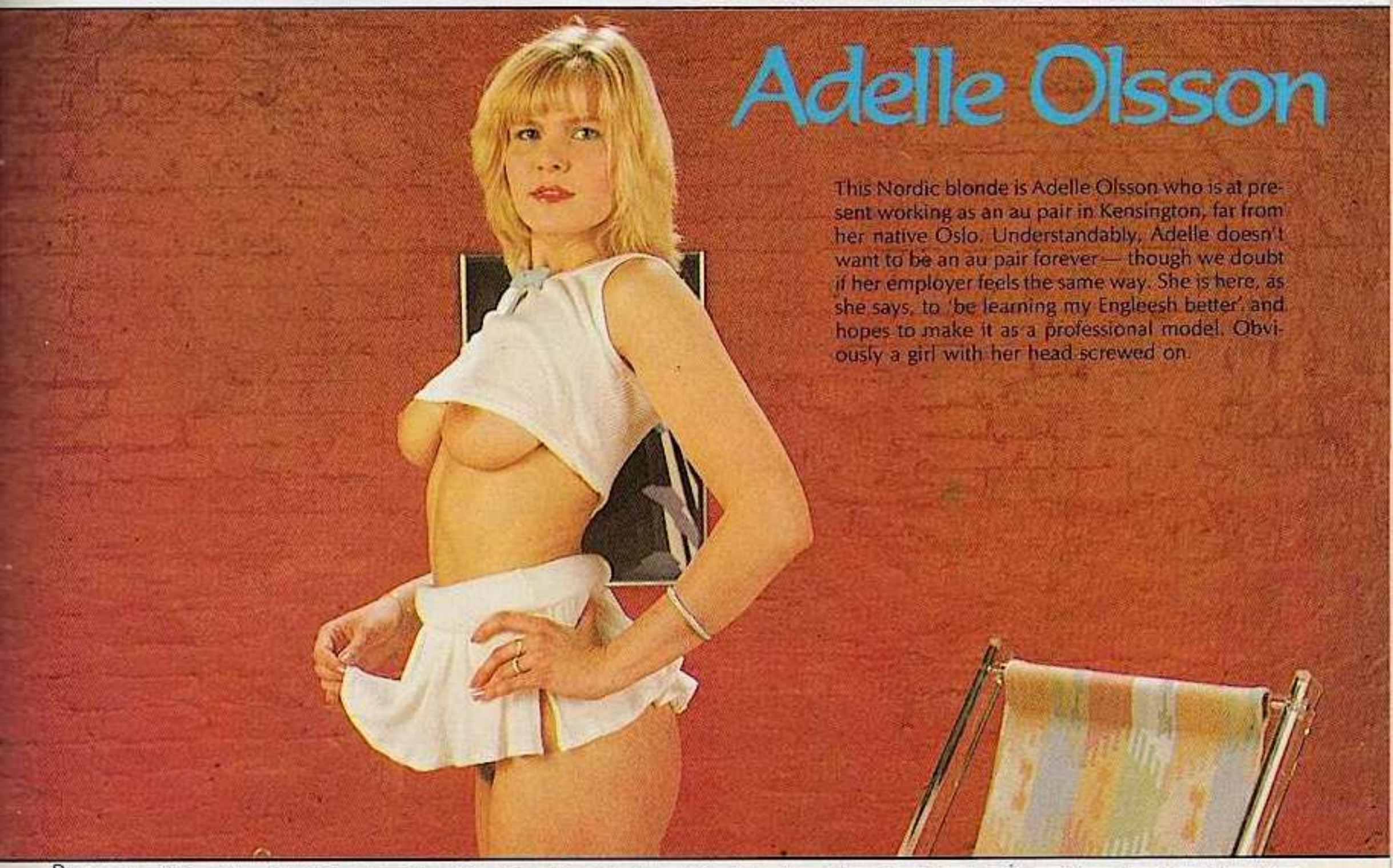
Knave Meets
The Man Who Made
RAMBO



This girl did it — so could you. If you think you could make it as one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form below and send it in with a few rude nude pictures of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude — front and back view.



Adelle Olsson

This Nordic blonde is Adelle Olsson who is at present working as an au pair in Kensington, far from her native Oslo. Understandably, Adelle doesn't want to be an au pair forever — though we doubt if her employer feels the same way. She is here, as she says, to 'be learning my Engleesh better' and hopes to make it as a professional model. Obviously a girl with her head screwed on.

Send to: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, P.O. BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

MODEL'S NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

TELEPHONE NO.....

DATE OF BIRTH.....

SIGNATURE.....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

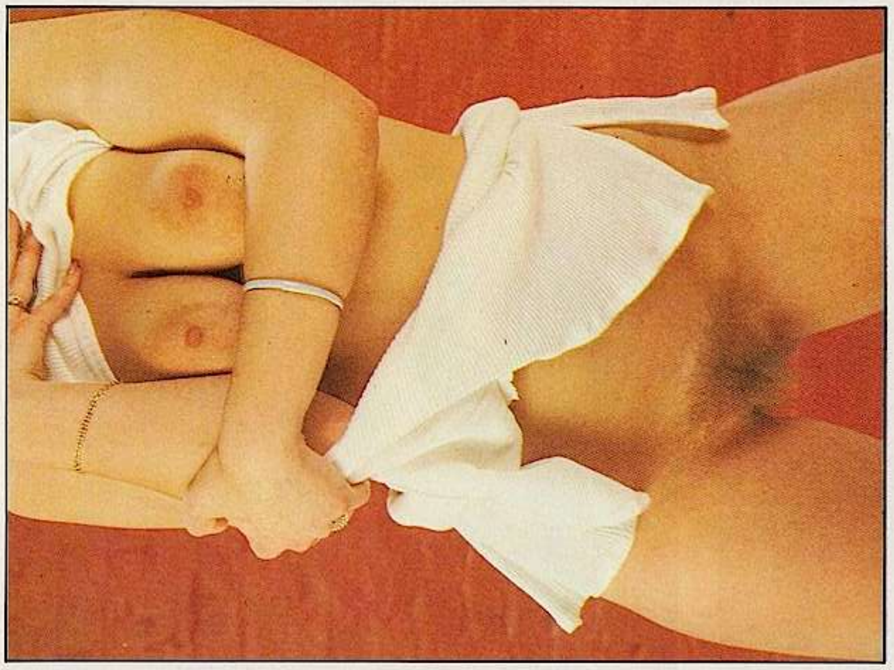
TELEPHONE NO.....

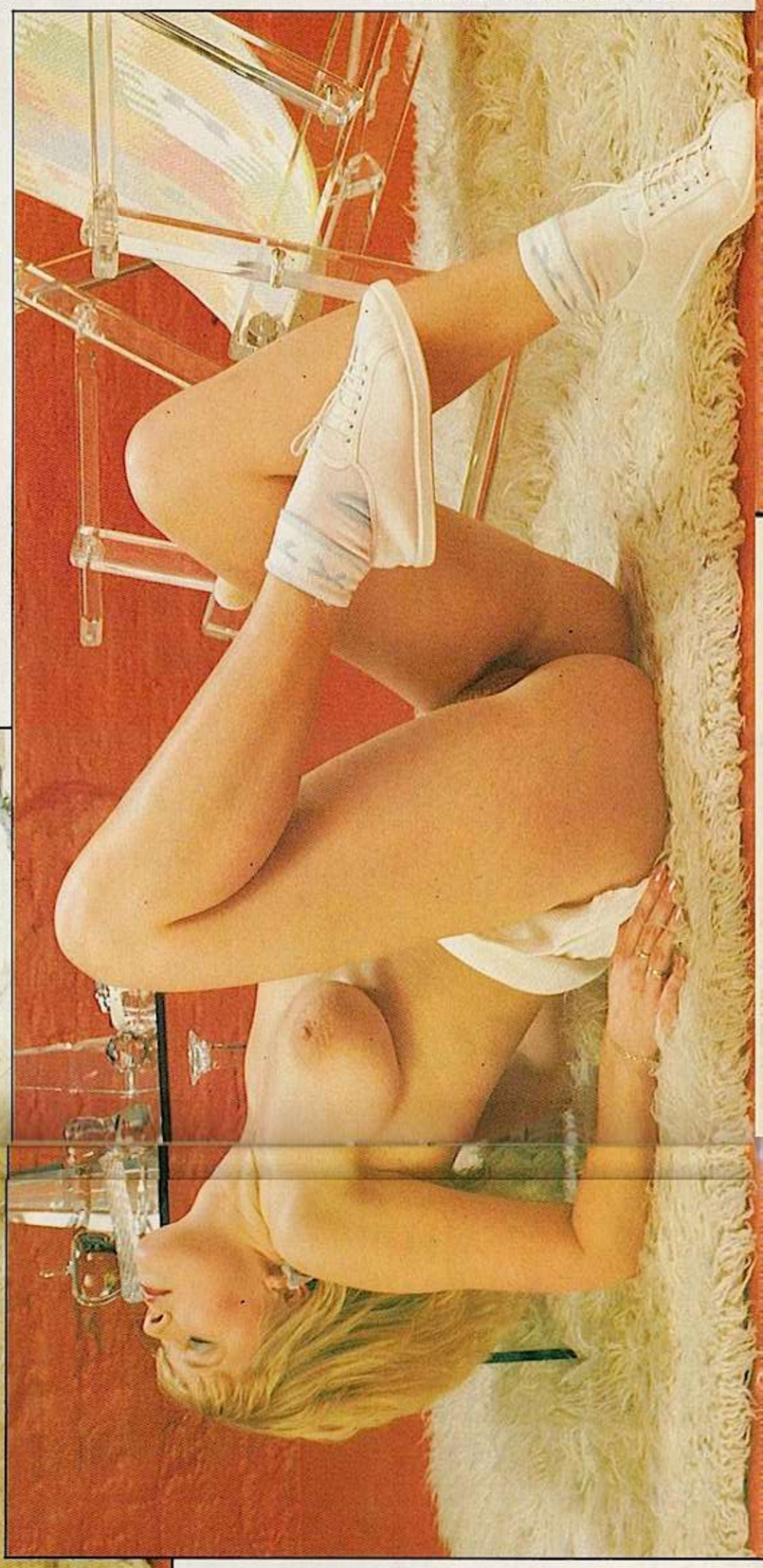
SIGNATURE.....

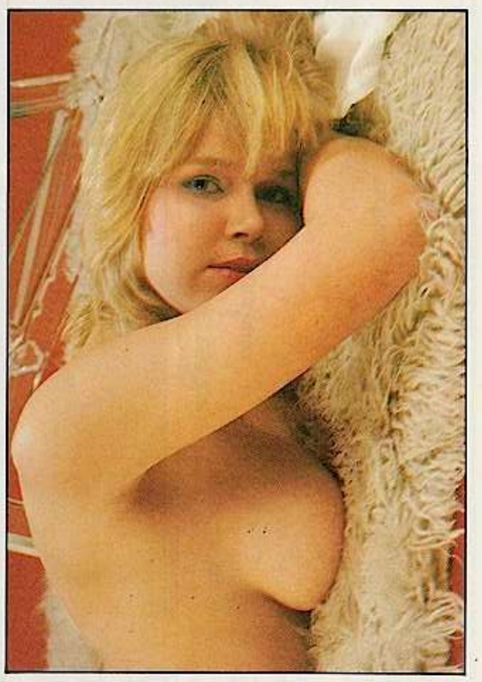
DATE PHOTOS TAKEN.....

If we like the photos you send us, we'll invite you to our studio for a day's modelling — and pay you £200! And we'll pay £25 to whoever took your photos. We provide a professional make-up artist and photographer — and an enjoyable day out! Come on, girls, let's see your photos!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK ROGERS







PHOTOGRAPHED BY HARRY SMITH

Candice

It was a fairly normal lunch-time. Intoxicating vapours curling out of pints of Essex's best chewy beer. Grown men lost in misty memory and fervid fantasy. The Editor was coming over all visionary. A lot of lunch-times end up like this.

"I see a white easy chair, pink beads . . . the works," he said. "I've gotta have a romantic set . . . now." It wasn't even closing time!

Back in the office warbling telephones couldn't break the spell. Like a man possessed he thumbed though the props catalogue, unearthing the very stuff of his vision.

The set was built, the clothes laid out, now all that was needed was a girl. But not any girl. Where can you find a real girl who lives up to the splendour of a lunch-time dream?

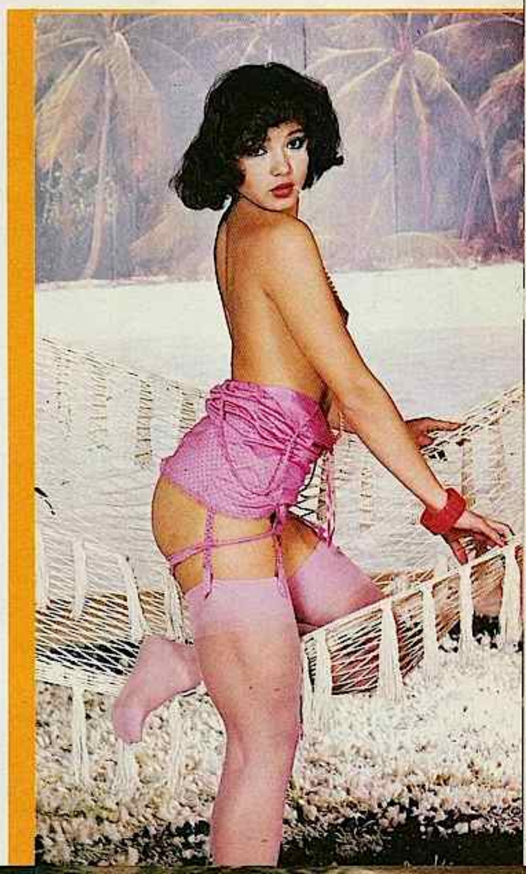
The Editor knew — it's his job, after all. "Summon Candice," he said, "the name means purity, brilliance, she'll be the one for us."

She certainly is.

Danielle

A brave lady is Danielle — it is not at all easy trying to look sexy and seductive in a hammock, especially one that was crocheted by the Assistant Editor's Aunt Lucy. (If you could see the Assistant Editor you'd know what we mean — he always looks as if he's wearing Geoff Capes' rejects). But — Danielle will have a go at anything once and said she was quite used to hanging about in this job anyway. We think she did it delightfully. Of course we had all volunteered to catch her should anything go wrong. Unfortunately it didn't but we still had a lot of fun getting rid of the rope marks.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAYROL STEVENS



If you're holidaying it down in the South of France this year you may like to keep a look out for Monique. She comes from Cannes, that international hotspot for playboys and playgirls of the Western world. Yet the shades and the suntans do not make much of an impression on Monique; she finds it all a trifle énnuis. Monique would far rather be in the Camargue where white horses roam and wild flowers bloom. What a fitting place, one can't help but think, for such beauty untamed.

MONIQUE

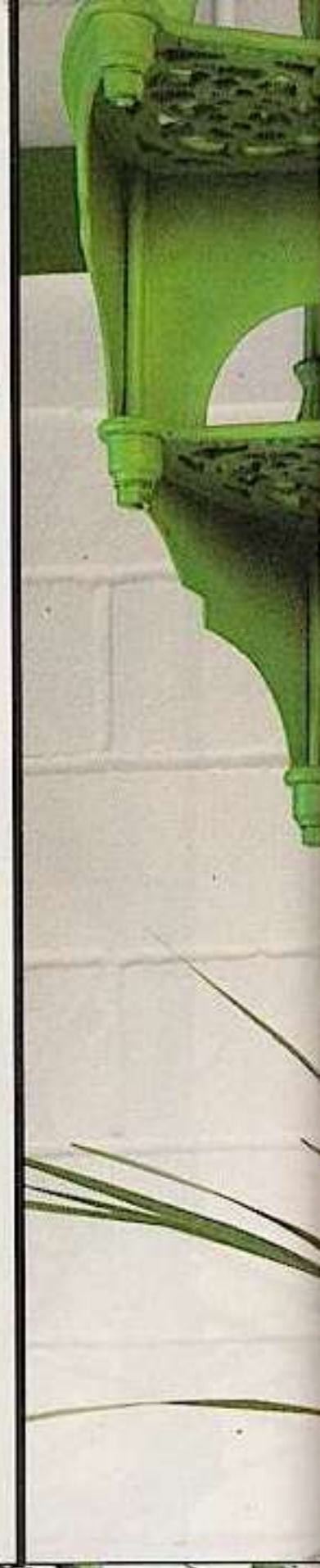
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLAN J. WASH

rosa

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IAN POTTER

You can tell, can't you, that Rosa has the Spanish blood in her. One look is all it takes, just one glance in those sultry eyes and you immediately want to rush off and play with your castanets. Yet Rosa is not quite so keen on her Spanish connections.

"It's always the same," she said, "I'm either asked to pose with a charging bull, a chest of gold or a pile of oranges. Can't you come up with something new?" Easy, we said, (it was — we couldn't afford any of those anyway). We'll build something quintessentially English for you. And here it is: the Knave alternative to Kew Gardens. Not quite as many plants of course, no greenhouses or pagodas, but, you must admit, one hell of a rare species.

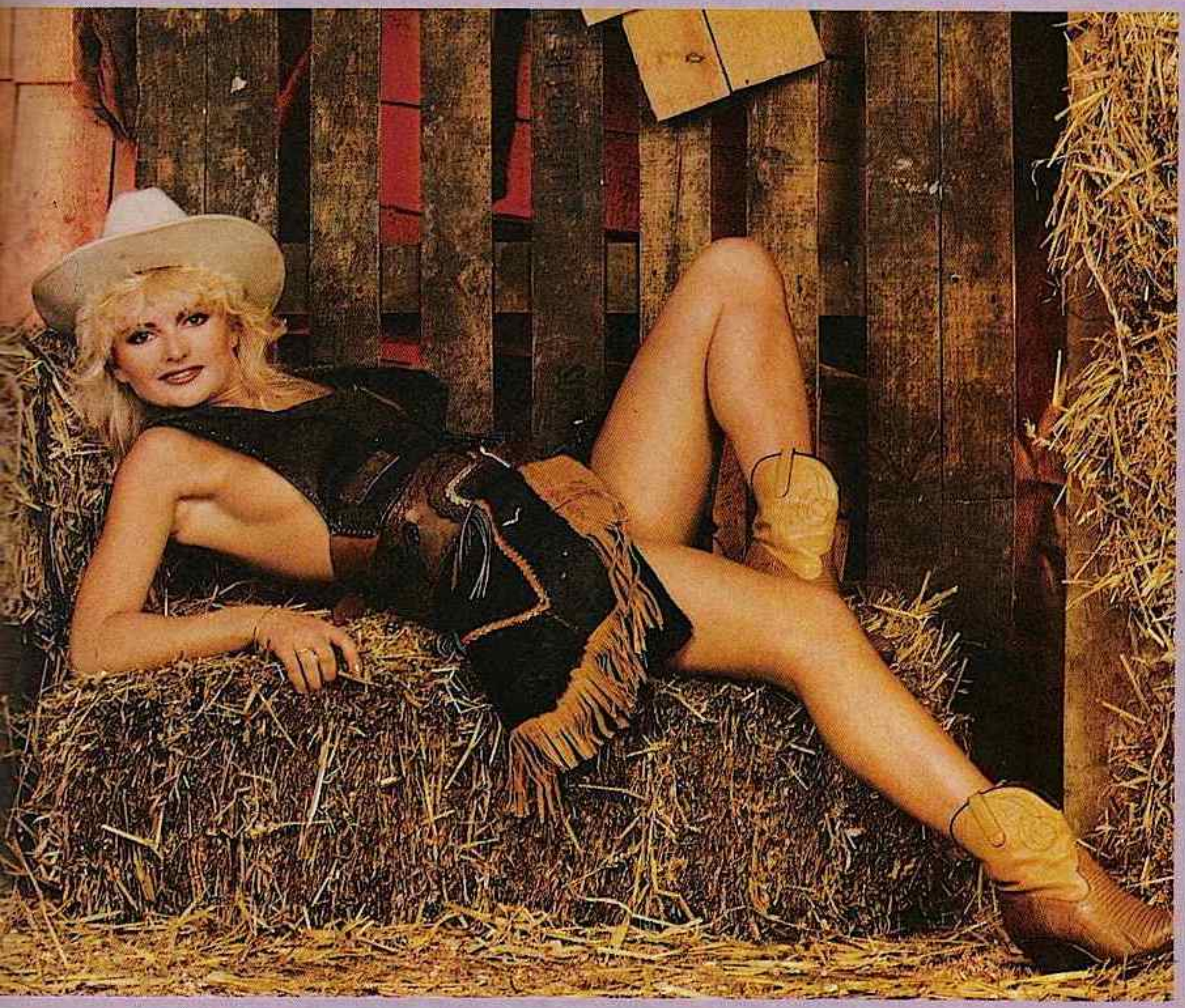


rosa

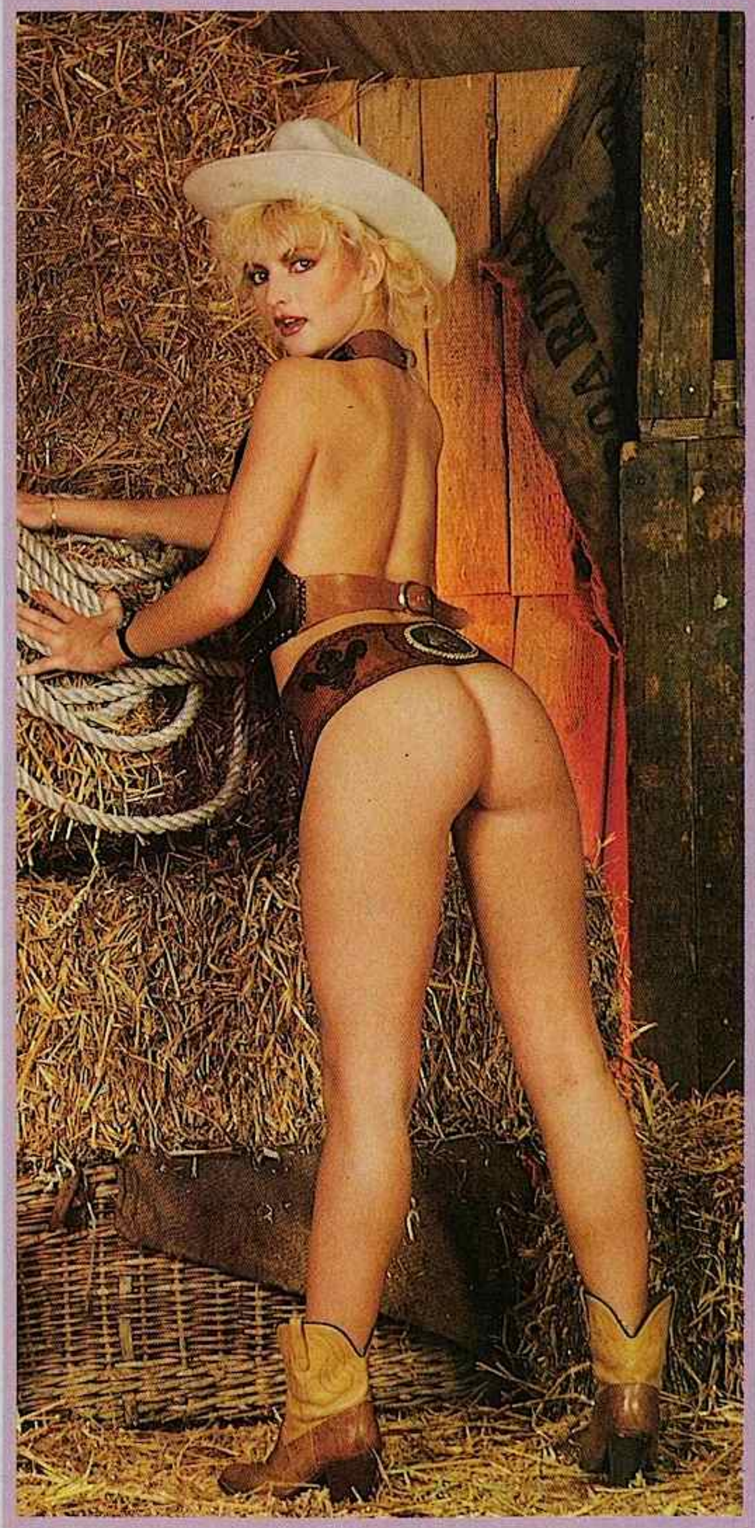
KNAVE MAGAZINE

WYNNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVE COLBY



So what shall we call this one, we mused. Annie? Then we can get that joke in about Annie get your gun. Or Wanda, the wildest woman in the wicked West? She could be Sharpshooting Sally, who gives it from the hip. Possibly Lassie, and we'd doggone sure like to be lassoed by her. What about Rita who's certainly worth her weight in hay, Cora the cow girl who can milk six pints a day and still has some left over to cream, or Stella the stable-hand who'll leave you anything but stable with those hands?



We thought, though, you might be getting a little bit tired of the same old clichés time and time again. So we decided to call her Wynne (after John). After all, she's bound to win you over in the end. *(That's the last time I let you write a blurb — Ed.)*